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POSTERS, SALE BILLS,
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executed promptly and neatly and at fair
prices.
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Marshall McCormick. H. H. McCormick.

Marshall McCormick & Son.

We have formed a partnership to practice
law. All business will receive prompt at-
tention. Office—On Church St., in Court-house
building.

W. T. Lewis,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

BERRYVILLE, VA.

will attend to any business committed to
him in the courts of Clarke and adjoining
counties. Special attention given to col-
lections. Office on Church street, nearly op-
posite the jail. feb 15.

A. Moore, Jr.,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

BERRYVILLE, VA.

Practices in the Courts of Clarke and ad-
joining counties, and in the Court of Ap-
peals.
Office—In the Clarke County Bank
building. jan 5 '93

Giles Cook, Jr.,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

FRONT ROYAL, VA.

will attend to any business committed to
him in the Circuit Court of Clarke county.
apr 18

John. Y. Page,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW

Commissioner in Chancery.

BERRYVILLE, VA.

Feb 28

Sam'l. J. C. Moore,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

BERRYVILLE, VA.

will practice in the courts of Clarke, Freder-
ick, Warren and Loudoun counties in the
Supreme Court of Appeals of the state, as
well as in the U. S. Court at Harrisonburg.
sep 30

Dr. G. H. Oliver,
DENTIST.

BERRYVILLE, VA.

For several years a private pupil of Prof. J. B.
Hodgkin, and a graduate of the Baltimore
College of Dental Surgery, has located per-
manently in Berryville, Va.
Sutro's Ointment administered.
Office—In Russell's building, over
Lippitt's Drug Store.

Some Facts
About Furniture.

Having added largely to my stock of Fur-
niture, the public is invited to call and in-
spect the same. In regard to prices I wish
to say I can compete with any house in the
Valley.

Look at These Prices:

BEDSTEADS, in oak or poplar, from \$2.00
up; Bureaus and Washstands very cheap;
also, oak sideboards and safes. Parlor fa-
cilities, Wardrobes, oak and poplar Fancy
Stoves, Extension Tables in oak and walnut.
Woven wire Mattresses, good quality, \$3.00;
Shuck and all-near Mattresses from \$3.00 to
\$12.00. Solid oak Suits, very nice, only \$14.
Very fine oak Suits, finely carved, \$22 to
\$30. Parlor Suits, in oak, walnut or cherry,
\$25 and up.
Also, a large lot of old-fashioned split-
bottom Chairs and Rockers at \$3.50 and up,
per set. A fine assortment of Fancy Rock-
ing Chairs, Oak, Maple and Kaitan, \$1.75
and up.

H. P. DEAHLL, Agent.

Undertaking a Specialty.

I keep in stock all grades of Caskets and
Coffins, such as black cloth, walnut and
cherry; black cloth Metallic Caskets, and
white Caskets. I also do embalming when
requested. Orders may be telegraphed prom-
ptly filled. I have the finest Hearse in the Val-
ley, and satisfaction guaranteed in all cases.
Business matters may be left to me, and I
will not trouble to be spared to do so.
mar 20

CHARLESTOWN

Marbe & Granite Works,

Cor. George and North Streets.

Diehl & Bro.,

Manufacturers of

MONUMENTS, - TOMBS, - STATUES

Slate and Marble

Martles, Tiling,

and all kinds of

Building Marble and Sandstones.

All orders promptly filled at the lowest

rates. All work guaranteed.

W. H. ELWELL.

Harness Maker,

-AND DEALER IN-

Saddles, Collars, Whips, Lap

Robes, Etc.

Has removed his establishment to South

street, at the corner of 8th, E. Baughman's store.

Repairing promptly done. feb 16

Kodol

Dyspepsia Cure.

Digests what you eat.

It artificially digests the food and re-
stores the natural strength and rec-
tifies the exhausted digestive
system. It is the latest discovered di-
gestant and tonic. No other prepara-
tion can approach it in efficiency. It
relieves and permanently
Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Heart
Flatulence, Sour Stomach, N
Stomach Headache, Gastralgia, Cramp
All other results of imperfect dig-
Prepared by E. C. DeWitt & Co.,
W. RICHARDSON.

THE COURIER'S facilities for doing nice
job work are not surpassed by any office
in the Valley of Virginia.

THE CLARKE COURIER.

VOL. XXXI.

BERRYVILLE, VA., WEDNESDAY, APRIL 12, 1899.

No. 8.

For the COURIER.

Annfield.

Two years have taken their weary flight,
Since first we met;
Two paths in life are separate,
But cousins yet.

But cousins yet—Can I forget,
Those days of hope;
The joy, the bliss, the happiness,
When once love woke.

How sweet the glad October days,
With promise crowned;
How bright the hope then soon to be,
Cast to the ground.

While fruits of earth in plenty spread,
Are gathered home;
The harvest of the heart is reaped,
But grain there's none.

No golden grain, no ripened sheaves,
Was not love sown;
Then why these tares, and why these
weeds.

And these alone?
Geo. B. HARRISON.

THE MAN IN THE GRAY

CLOAK.

The winter of 1779 was approach-
ing spring. But it was still dismal
cold, and all day there had been a
drip, drip of chilly rain around a
two story farmhouse which clung to
a New Jersey hillside, a short dis-
tance from Morristown, where the
American army under General Wash-
ington was encamped.

Hope Adams, a thoughtful faced
little girl of eleven, dressed in a
plain, homespun gown, sat by the
bedside of her feeble grandfather,
and strove earnestly to divert the in-
valid's mind from the noises which
came from the kitchen downstairs.

"Never mind, grandfather," she
said, comfortingly. "They are Amer-
ican soldiers and will not do us harm,
though they be rude. If only Gen-
eral Washington knew of their be-
havior, I know he would send them
away. There, don't mind—please
don't!" she pleaded, bending over, the
nervous sufferer and smoothing the
gray locks away from the aged face.

A hoarse voice sang a bit of army
song, hoisterous cheers followed; then
came the sound of tinkling mugs
and the troopers seated around the
kitchen fire resumed their rough ex-
change of jokes.

These noises all penetrated to the
little chamber, disturbing the peace
of the sick man and awakening fresh
apprehensions in Hope's young heart.

Twice that afternoon she had crept
downstairs, twice had she begged the
men not to be so boisterous, and
twice had they promised, only to fail
in keeping that promise.

It is due these soldiers, however,
to say that they respected the little
girl's request and tried to obey her.
But their good resolutions were
drowned deeper and deeper each mo-
ment as they freely quaffed mug af-
ter mug of the hard cider, a cask of
which they had discovered in the
cellar.

"As if it were not bad enough to
arrest my brave son on suspicion of
his being a traitor," the old man
moaned bitterly; "they must suspect
us of being Tories and guard our
home as though we were in actual
league with the enemy. William a
traitor!—we Tories! The name of
Adams was never before connected
with such vile charges. And I suf-
fering here at this moment from a
gunshot wound received not two
weeks ago while fighting for my
country! Ah, it is terrible, terrible,
terrible, indeed!"

He had partly arisen in his ex-
citement, but slowly fell back on the
pillow, as the wound in his shoulder
sent a shaft of pain through his body.

"Yes, grandfather, it is hard for
us," spoke his grandchild, soothing-
ly, "but do not worry, if you can
help it. Father is not a traitor, and
he must come clear of the charge."
And there was a flash of determina-
tion in her dark eyes.

"Heaven bless you, Hope," replied
the old man, placing a trembling
hand on her crown of nut brown
curls. "We will pray for the vindi-
cation of your father's good name
and his restoration to a place of hon-
or in the American army. It can't
be that he must die as a traitor—my
son, so brave and loyal!"

"No, no, grandfather!" assured the
little girl. "He will not."
Only that day had the unpleasant
news been brought them that brave
William Adams, the old soldier's son
and Hope's father, had been arrested
on the serious charge of purposing
to reveal the plans of the American
army to the British, although, like

his aged father, he had proved a va-
liant soldier, had gained the respect
of his officers, and had just been
mentioned for promotion.

He indignantly denied the charge,
but a mysterious paper found on him
had caused grave thoughts. He had
attempted to explain that he knew
nothing about the fatal paper, but
his explanation had not been found
sufficient to save him from arrest.

A few troopers under a sub officer
had been detailed to watch the house
of the prisoner's father, who, despite
his age and the fact that he had just
been sent home from the ranks,
wounded, was forthwith suspected of
being a Tory, and an abettor of his
son.

It had been a weary day to the
prisoner at Morristown, and a very
sad one to Hope and the old grand-
father.

The presence of the troopers in-
creased their fears, and it was not un-
til long in the night that the rude
jollity below stairs having ceased, the
nervous sufferer became somewhat
quiet.

Then Hope sang to him, soft and
low, as a mother to a sick child, and
soon she had the satisfaction of see-
ing the wrinkled eye lids close over
the weary eyes.

Then she arose noiselessly, and,
going to the window, looked out into
the dark night.

It was growing still colder without,
and the rain had ceased.

"I must go," she declared, reso-
lutely. "If I can but see General
Washington, I am sure he will not
let father die a traitor's death!"

Wrapping a shawl about her head
and shoulders, Hope let herself out
of the chamber, quietly secured the
door, and descended the dark stair-
way.

As she stole cautiously along the
hall, her heart in a tumult of emo-
tions, she saw, through the half open
door leading into the kitchen, that
the troopers were either asleep or
heavily dozing. In another moment
she was outside in the night and the
cold.

The night was very dark. Great,
dense black clouds scudded across
the heavens as if they were mock-
ingly endeavoring to outstrip her; and
the merest fragment of a new moon,
with a few bashful stars, could be
seen through a drift, well down in
the western sky.

She had gone nearly a mile from
home when she came to a stream,
swollen almost into a torrent by the
recent thaw and rains.

Hope ran along the marshy bank
until she found the place—spanned
by two long planks—used as a bridge
by the country folk who wished to
shorten the distance to town.

She started to cross the planks,
but when near the middle of the
stream a water fowl arose from be-
neath her and flew away over her
head, with wild, frightened cries.

So unexpected, so sudden was its
appearance that Hope started back
nervously. The planks were icy
where the rain had frozen on them
the evening before, and her feet slip-
ping she fell and came near being
thrown in the stream. With desper-
ate strength she held firmly on to
the plank and tried to draw her body
up. But her little frail arms were
unequal to the task and there she
hung with feet dangling in the foam-
ing water.

One moment she clung in awful
peril; then a tall figure stepped
swiftly out on the bridge and Hope
was lifted by a pair of strong arms
and carried safely to the opposite
bank.

Looking up, half shyly, as the
moon continued to lend the feeble
light, Hope's clear eyes scanned her
rescuer.

He was very tall, very erect and
wrapped in a gray cloak.
"My child"—and the tall figure
bent over her kindly—"it is a dark,
cold night for you to be abroad.
Where is your home?"

"Back there on the hill," answered
Hope, pointing across the stream.

"Had you started home?" he ques-
tioned her gently.

"No, sir. I was going to Morris-
town."

"Have you friends there when you
wish to see?"

"No—yes, sir—that is —"

"Do you fear telling me. I am
your friend."

One glance into his smiling gray
eyes, and Hope felt that she could
trust him implicitly.

"I had started for the American
camp," she said, simply.

"What takes you there at this un-
seemingly hour, and in such inclem-
ent weather?"

"My troubles, sir."
"And whom did you hope to see
there?"

"General Washington."

"Trust me with your troubles. I
have great influence with the com-
mander in chief, and may be able to
help you."

"Will you tell him my story and
help me?"

"I will help you if I can. Now,
tell me, my child, what has driven
you forth this dark, cold night to
seek General Washington at his head-
quarters?"

Thus urged, Hope told how news
had reached the farm house of her
father's arrest on the charge of being
a traitor, how it had affected her
grandfather confined to his bed from
a wound received while in the dis-
charge of his simple duty, and how
the troopers had terrified them with
their rude behavior.

"What is your name, little one?"
her listener asked, when she had fin-
ished.

"Hope Adams," she answered.

"And your father is —"

"William Adams, sir."

"Do not worry any longer, Hope.
I give you my promise that General
Washington will do all he can for
your father."

"Oh, thank you, sir! God will be
good to you."

"The father of such a daughter
cannot be very bad, no matter how
dark is the suspicion cast upon him,"
remarked the man in the gray cloak,
near to himself than to the little
girl. "There must be some mistake.
The case must receive prompt at-
tention."

Then, again taking Hope up in his
strong arms he carried her over the
stream and led her back to the farm-
house.

On the threshold he paused and
said in a gentle, cheery way:

"Now, Hope, run up to your
wounded grandfather and tell him
that that the troopers shall annoy
him no longer. This is not a Tory
household."

Hope hastened to do his bidding,
while he stepped into the kitchen
and called the sub officer of the
troopers to him.

The conference between the new-
comer and the sub officer was short.
The trooper soon returned to his fel-
lows.

"We are ordered back to head
quarters at once," he announced.

The tall figure in the gray cloak
stood on one side, while the troopers
filed out into the darkness and away
toward the American camp.

He seemed lost in thought as he
gazed after the retreating forms of
the men.

The next day a trooper stopped at
the farmhouse door and placed a let-
ter in Hope's hands.

Running upstairs to her grand-
father, she cried joyfully:

"Listen, grandfather!"

"And in a happy voice she read the
following note:

My dear little Hope—It was Gen-
eral Washington himself who prom-
ised you last night to do what he
could in behalf of your father. His
case has been investigated, and the
real traitor in camp (who was jealous
of the chance of promotion which
had come to William Adams) has
been discovered. It was he who con-
cealed the suspicious paper on your
father's person, and cunningly con-
trived to bring about his arrest. Of
your father's promotion, which is now
certain, I will not speak, for he will
be with you to day. Would that all
of our daughters were as brave and
true in this time of sore distress as
you, little Hope.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

"And the man in the gray cloak
was General Washington all the time.
Oh, grandfather, isn't he good?"

"Noble!" said the old man, his face
glowing with pride. And from that
day forth no American ever rever-
enced the memory of George Washington
more than little Hope Adams, nor—
who can deny it?—with better cause.

—Detroit Free Press.

J. Sheer, Sedalia, Mo., conductor on
electric street car line, writes that his
little daughter was very low with croup,
and her life saved after all physicians
had failed, only by using One Minute
Cough Cure. W. Richardson.

Tomatoes.

Having for years grown this crop
with more than ordinary success for
a canner, I purpose giving my ex-
perience in this article for those that
wish information on the subject.

I select, cover with home made
manure, and thoroughly plow in the
fall of the year as good clover sod as I
have. I never grow them on the
same land two years in succession,
and I aim to have them as far from
the poultry yard as possible, as a
small flock of poultry can ruin a
patch of tomatoes. It is my expe-
rience that one acre of good land
heavily manured, with a good stand
of plants thoroughly worked pays
more money than three acres of poor
land with little manure and work
and poor stand of plants does. It
will be wise to remember this. Get
good seed and plenty of them, and
sow a bed from the 15th of April to
the 10th of May, every week. Don't
sow them near any shade, as the young
plants to be stubby must have room
and sunshine. In preparing your
land for the plants you can't harrow
it too much, and if there isn't a clod
as large as a partridge egg, or a sprig
of wire grass in the patch, it is all
the better. Run your rows as straight
as you can get them both ways. In
moderate land with moderate manure
four feet each way, in good land with
good application of manure, four and
a half feet each way, in extra land
and with extra application of manure
five feet each way. The mo-
ment your plants are large enough to
put out prepare the land, as delay at
this stage of the crop is often dan-
gerous. I prefer to broadcast my
fertilizer down the row, and run a
cultivator with only the two hind
most hooves to mix the earth with it.

Have steady, careful hands to set the
plants out, as it is important that
they be well set and kept straight
both ways, and small chaps will not
do it, and often do more harm than
good. Try if possible to have a per-
fect stand, and your plants worked
and growing by the 1st of June, as
ten crops are too late to one that is
too early each season, and it pays bet-
ter to lose or give away ten bushels
early in the season than to have the
factory shut down or "Jack Frost"

to step in and cause you to lose fifty
or one hundred bushels at the close
of the season. To succeed the plants
require constant and untiring atten-
tion. The earth must be constantly
stirred, the grass kept out, the worms
killed. When the fruit matures it
should be carefully and honestly
handled, with as little bruising to it
or the vines as possible. Put your
self in the man's place who owns the
factory, and treat him as you would
be treated, and you will be sure to
find a ready market for your fruit.

If you have a cough, throat irritation,
weak lungs, pain in the chest, difficult
breathing, or any of these troubles, let us
suggest One Minute Cough Cure. It is
always reliable and safe. W. Richardson.

Water Drinking in Dyspepsia.

I wish to call the attention of dys-
peptics to the use of water as a me-
chanical agent in the treatment of
those forms of indigestion character-
ized by a fullness in the left epigas-
tric region, with frequent eructations
of sour and acid matter, accompanied
by loss of appetite, insomnia and
melancholia.

Let the patient drink from one to
two pints of pure, soft water one hour
before each regular meal, and then
comfortably seat himself in an easy
rocker and rock back and forth one-
half hour. The rocking will agitate
the water in the stomach and wash
the walls completely, detaching any
mucus that may be adhering, and
dilute and mix the contents thorough-
ly. By this means absorption will be
more rapid, and as a consequence the
skin, kidneys and the bowels will act
more freely, eliminating from the
blood uric acid and all effete and de-
leterious matter, while the stimulus of
the water will cause the stomach to
contract and gastric juice to be se-
creted in such quantity as to cause
the function of digestion to go on un-
interrupted and painless. If those
suffering from dyspepsia would drink
as much water at home as they do
while visiting springs of doubtful
medicinal property, a great many of
our summer resorts would close for
want of patronage.—Medical Brief.

The One Day Cold Cure.
Cold in head and sore throat cured by Ker-
mott's Chocolate Laxative Quinine. As easy
to take as candy. "Children cry for them."
W. Richardson.

"I was recently making out a deed
for a man," says a Detroit lawyer,
and all went swimmingly till I turned
to him and asked him his wife's
name. 'Oh, yes, of course. Wife's
name. Very necessary to be sure,'
and it was plain to be sure that he
was sparring for time, while mak-
ing every effort to bring his memory
into play. He had a rush of blood
to the face, looked sorely troubled
and finally turned his back on me
while he looked out of the window,
as though relief were to be found
there. 'Wouldn't that beat you,' he
exclaimed, as he turned slowly back.
'I'll be blown if I can recall her
name. You see, they used to call her
'Pet' when she was a girl at home,
and that was her name with me up
to two years after our marriage, when
I began calling her 'mamma.' I
couldn't tell you her name if it were
a capital offense not to know it.
S'pose it wouldn't do to just call her
'pet' in the deed?' It wouldn't do,
so he hurried away, and in an hour
was back with his wife's full name
on a slip of paper."

Before the discovery of One Minute
Cough Cure, ministers were greatly dis-
turbed by coughing congregations. No
excuse for it now. W. Richardson.

At Cleveland, Ohio, recently, a fine
portrait of Senator Hanna was sold
for two cents. The picture was the
property of the Railway Men's Sound
Money League and was a present
from Mr. Hanna. It was sold with
the furniture of the headquarters of
the League to satisfy a judgment.

When the War in the South Ended.

During the Civil war the majority
of volunteers enlisted for "three years
or during the war." In the popular
minds that conflict ended at Appo-
mattox, with the surrender of Gen-
eral Lee. Of course it did not end
then, because General Johnston kept
the field for some days after that
event, and General E. Kirby Smith
did not surrender until still later.
The Supreme Court, in one of its de-
cisions where the question arose, de-
cided that the Civil war both began
and ended, legally, on the dates of cer-
tain proclamations by the President.
The legal beginning was held to be
April 18, 1861, as to South Carolina,
Georgia, Alabama, Florida, Missis-
sippi, Louisiana and Texas, and as to
Virginia and North Carolina, April
27, 1861. April 2, 1865, President
Johnston issued a proclamation de-
claring the war at an end in Vir-
ginia, North Carolina, South Carolina,
Georgia, Florida, Mississippi, Tennes-
see, Alabama, Louisiana and Arkan-
sas, and August 30 of that year an
other proclaiming the war at an end
in Texas. As Lee surrendered April
9, 1865, the popular date for the end
of the Civil war, it will be seen that
a year, less a week, elapsed from that
event and the first of the President's
proclamations formally proclaiming
the war at an end in Virginia and
certain other States, and more than
sixteen months, till Texas was pro-
claimed in a pacific frame of mind.
—Chicago Post.

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